

Hesperia Migrans:
OR AN
HECATOMB

To the most August and Glorious
Queen of Great Britain,
At her happy, and so much long'd for Arrival in ENGLAND.
MAR 15. 1662.

— Et tandem placidis allabitur oris.

HO Sons of *Atlas*, you, whose piercing Art
Despising terrene Objects, strives apart
To court the spangled Sphares, as if the Skies
Could only furnish objects for your eyes.
Faithful Recorders to great *Phœbus* state,
Whose steps you so exactly calculate,

That even *Thetis* can't in secrecy,
(Though covered with nights sable Canopy)
Enjoy those animating *sweet caresses*,
Which he bestowes when thither he addresses:
But as he slides into her watry armes,
Streight you record it, and with fresh Allarms,
Assault the Sphares, and there with curious eye;
Musters that glorious, bright fraternity,
Of Heavens scintillant lights, with admiration,
Proclaims the birth of some new constellation;
Some *fire-beard Comet*, or such as you say,
Did late appear in that of *Cassiopey*.

— Hold, hold, — suspend your scribbling, and collect
Your *Opticks*; for you'll find a Star doth lake,
One of *extraordinary lustre*, such an one,
As might your *Astrolabe* confound alone.
Your *tubus opticus*, could not descry
Its just perfection; *Gallileus eye*
Would here prove blind, and *Sacroboscus Art*
Scarce comprehend the very smallest part.

— But — oh, our eyes are gull'd; our senses far
Abused; — Look you, 'tis the *Hesperian Star*.
See how resplendent! O what heavenly light!
Able to conquer *Greenlands tedious night*,
And cause perpetual Solstice, where they go
Mask'd up in Frease, and Furies from head to toe.

The poor *American*, whom purblind Nature
Deludes with clubs of wood in humane feature,
Who Stones and Min'rals for his Gods adore,
Should with preposterous zeal, admire no more
The feeble product of Mechanick wit,
But seeing this Star would sure turn *Profelise*.

— A note more high my Muse, more elevate
From thred-bare Richmes, and base sophisticate
Muddy expressions; let the nobler vein
Distill a more sublime and lofty strain.

— Talk not of Stars, let's trace the other Sphares;
Observing *Phœbus radiant house of Peers*:
There must we find an Emblem to express
The beauty of our *Heavenly Portuguez*.
Stars are too dim; — 'tis true, with pointed light,
They beautifie the longest Winter night;
Yet are they but like *Sapphyres*, when enchas'd
Mongst brighter Diamonds; or like portraits dash'd
Mongst sweetn'd Oyl-works, when you do compare
Their twinkling light, with *Phœbus* golden hair.

But let's observe her Garb, her stately pace,
Her choice proportion, and her Princely face.
Her orient Visage, and Majestick Train
Of *Lucitanian Dames*, such as the Main
Durst not attempt; such as in former ages,
Might have enrich'd most proud *Romantick Stages*.
— We'll find she moves not only, but with her,
Her native Country doth it self bestir.
— *Portugal floats* — 'tis no more continent;
'Tis now an Island — being intirely rent
From Spanish Tyranny — *Tagus* and *Thames*
Do differ now in nothing, but in names.
Go call an Herald quickly, cause him quarter
A *Cinque* within the borders of the Garter,
And add for *Englands* Motto, (sure I think
The Game goes fair, when't runs on *Size and Cinque*.)
— And thou, *Fair, Princely Nymph*, whom all this year
Our Souls have long'd for with a mingled fear;
Didst not observe, how, when *Thy radiant eye*
Did *Englands Alabaster Coasts* descry;
(Which they, who knew the cause, need not admire)
One in a trice should see *Lands-end* on fire;
The flames extended further, and did cover
The Southern Coast along from *Rye* to *Dover*;
Then on a suddain one should plainly see
All *Britain* in a fire by *Sympathy*.

— Thus did thy eye, just like a *burning glass*,
Fire all our Island in a moments space.
— But that's not all — to flatter treacherous minds,
Of vile Usurpers; when their base designs
Have had good success: One may sympathize
With *Baal*, in such *Burnt-Offerings* as these.

As who had seen that Old Dissembling Hector,
Pimple-fac'd Noll, install'd the high Protector:
Observ'd those Locusts, his base *Sycophants*,
And *Depute-Furies*, in their jovial Rants,
And heard what uncomposed noise was made
By those accursed Brethren of the Blade;
Might well have said his eyes saw *Englands gladness*
Extend it self within two foot of madness.

— But heer's the difference, all he could obtain
Was meerly *Comick Gestures*. — Now the Scene
Being altered quite; — See how all hearts begin
At thy approach, to rise in flames within
Their parboyl'd breasts, and all their inward parts,
Proclaim thy Majesty the *Queen of Hearts*.
So that our Game goes fair, may still be seen,
Let Hearts be Trump, wee're guarded King and Queen.

But oh we long to see that *Princely Boy*
Shall make us up a *Noble Teirce Du Roy*.
For *Europes* bounds shall scarce our joy contain,
When we see thee engross'd with *Charles His Wain*.

Quod alacriter optat.

WILLIAM CLARK.

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